

CRAZY JANE

A favorite BALLAD Composed by Miss Abrams

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ANDANTE

Why fair Maid in ev'ry
fea- ture are such signs of fear ex-press'd! Can a wand'ring wretched creature with such
terror fill thy breast! do my phrenzied looks a-larm thee! trust me sweet thy fears are
vain, not for kingdoms would I harm thee shun not then poor Cra- zy
Jane Dost thou weep to see my
anguish mark me and a void my woe when men flat- ter sigh and languish think them
false I found them so for I lov'd, oh so sincere- ly none could ever love a- gain but the

South I lov'd so dear - ly stole the Wits of Crazy Jane

^{ad}
Fondly my young heart re - ceiv'd him which was doom'd to love but one 77 he fight'd he

a little faster
vow'd and I be - liev'd him he was false and I undone from that hour has Rea - son

never held her empire o'er my brain Henry fled with him for a - ver fled the ^{ad lib.}

a tempo
wits of Cra - zy Jane Now for lorn and broken hearted and with phrenzied thoughts be -

- set 77 on that spot where last we par - ted on that spot where first we met,

Still I sing my love lorn dit - ty still I slowly pace the plain whilst each pas - ser

by in pit - ty cries God help thee Crazy Jane.